Che Red Albert-Che Ce O Payson Terhune AUTHOR OF "THE FIGHTER," "CALEB CON-OVER," "SYRIA, FROM THE SADDLE," ETC. NOVELIZED FROM PATHE PHOTO PLAY OF

SYNOPSIS.

"Circle Jim" Borden, who derives his gotted name from a red birthmark on the back of his right hand, is released from rison after serving his third term. One number of every generation of the Borden family has been branded with the Red Circle birthmark and that member has aways been a criminal. Jim and his wayward son Ted are the only known living of the Borden kin. Max Lannar, a detective, is detailed to keep an eye on circle Jim." June Travis and her mother, of the wealthy set interested in the rorm of ex-convicts, meet Borden as he is er, of the wealthy set interested in the referm of ex-convicts, meet Borden as he is
released. "Circle Jim," realizing that his
family is a menace to society, enters the
bedroom where Ted is sleeping and turns
at he gas. Lamar chances upon "Circle
Jim" and Jim is killed. "The last of the
Bordens," says Lamar. But the next day
he sees the Red Circle on the back of a
woman's hand outside a curtained automobile. June Travis, marked with the
Red Circle robs Grant, a loan shark,
Grant employs Lamar, Mary, June's
nurse, discovers June's theft and the Red
Circle on her hand, and tells her she is
"Circle Jim's" daughter, though Mrs.
Travis does not know. Mary, to turn
away suspicion from June, dresses as the
weiled woman and is pursued by Lamar.

FOURTH INSTALLMENT IN STRANGE ATTIRE

Max Lamar, gripping with both hands the corner of the black coat that protruded from the locked garage door, drove his shoulder full against the door panel, again and again. But the wood held firm.

"It seems to be a deadlock," laughed June, forcing her merriment with a mighty effort.

"Miss Travis," broke in Lamar, "will you help me? I can't let go here. Will you hurry around to the front door of the house this garage belongs to. and explain matters? Then ask leave for me to break the door down. I can do it if you'll hold the coat corner for

"Shan't I hold it now?" suggested June; an idea flashing into her fearsick mind. "I'll hold the coat while you try to smash the lock."

"I don't like to batter down people's property," he answered, "even in the name of the law-without asking their permission."

"But--" "Besides," he added, "this Veiled Woman is strong. Whenever she tugs at her coat, it's all I can do to hold my corner of it. She might wrench it

out of your hands." "Yes," agreed June, under her breath, "that's exactly what I mean

her to do." But she forebore to say it aloud. And after a second look at Lamar's set jaw, she meekly turned away to-

ward the house. Mary, on the inner side of the gaage door, had listened, panting



the Tailor's Label Is Gonel"

the brief dialogue. As she heard June's light step receding on the driveway gravel, she threw all her strength into one last wrench at the recalcitrant coat.

The cloth was stout and Max Lamar's grasp unshakable. But the tug caused two of the coat's upper buttons to fly half way across the garage. One of Mary's lean shoulders slipped out of the garment. That gave the captive woman her inspiration.

In trembling haste, she unfastened the remaining buttons. Freeing herself, she left the imprisoned coat to fall to the greasy floor of the garage-Max Lamar still gripping its corner, on the door's far side, with futile

Across the greasy floor, through the

felt along its all but unseen surface. At the farthest corner, her numbed fingers touched what they sought-the lintel of a door.

It was the garage's little back door, giving on the alley, behind the

She heard voices-one of them Lamar's. And again she cast herself against the door. This time it flew wide; with a whining of hinges and a

Darting back to close the door behind her, the old woman cast a fearful look up and down the alley. The coast was clear. Incontinently Mary took to her heels.

Max Lamar clung doggedly to the coat corner that protruded from the garage's front door. He heard muffled noises from within. But they were so faint and the door was so thick, that he could not classify them. Nor, indeed, had he time to. For, presently, June reappeared around the corner of the big house. With her were a hatless and rather annoyed-looking woman in a morning gown and a highly interested butler.

"Madam, I am very sorry to disturb you like this. But we have chased a thief into your garage, as Miss Travis has probably explained to you. I have hold of this corner of the fugitive's coat, as you see. Will you let me break the lock of your garage door and get in? Of course, I'll pay-"

"If I may suggest," said the woman in frigid politeness, "it might be better to go into the garage by the back door. before breaking my locks. Had that

occurred to you, Mr. Detective?" "If I let go of this coat-Miss Travis, will you hold the coat corner for

me while I go around to investigate? "Why, yes," quaveringly assented June, taking hold if the cloth, along-

As he disappeared, June pressed her face close against the door.

"Mary!" she whispered eagerly; and "Mary! Mary!"

No answer. Then in a moment, the sound of a key in the lock. The door swung open. The woman of the house stood in the garage threshold. June found herself holding the corner of the empty coat.

"She-she is gone?" stammered June, her temples pulsing and buzzing

quite amusing. Almost as amusing as Field day at a lunatic asylum."

that she still held, was a menace. She began to realize this: Lamar would assuredly seize upon it as a clue. From the maker's name, he could in time trace its ownership to her.

She turned the coat over, exposing the label. With a jerk she tore it away and thrust it into the front of her dress.

she carelessly dropped the coat across the sill of the open door. "Well?" queried June, interestedly,

as Max came in sight around the corner of the garage. "What news of the Veiled Woman?"

"No trace of her."

He caught sight of the coat lying where June had dropped it. His look of chagrin brightened to one of keen eagerness. He snatched the coat from the greasy floor and twisted around so as to bring the inside of the neckband into view. And again his face darkened.

And we'll catch our woman that way. before another day's ended."

They left the grounds and gained

"I want to thank you ever so much, Miss Travis," he said, "for being such a brick; and helping me as you have, today. But for your showing me where you had seen the Veiled Woman, I should never have gotten on her

glad to be of any help. When I was hanging on to that ridiculous coatcorner, like grim death, I felt quite a heroine, But-"

"There's another thing." he said, hesitatingly. "A thing I hate like blue poison to say; but it's got to be said. Will you try to forgive me, in ad-

vance?"

"When that Jap butler of yours ago," said Max, uncomfortably, "do you know what I thought? I thought you were the Veiled Woman."

"Mr. Lamar!" cried June, her sweet voice vibrant with amazed reproach. "Won't you forgive me?" he pleaded. What was I to think? It all seemed to fit in, with such horrible exactness. How else could I account for part of the stolen note being found in your room? And your explanation seemed so lame so unconvincing The simple truth often does, you know Won't you forgive me, please?"

"You-you doubted my word?" murmured June, incredulously. "You actually thought that I could-?"

"I'm so ashamed!" he broke in. "But I paid for my mistake. I never was more hideously miserable in all my life than I was at that very moment. Nothing could make me suspect you again," he concluded vehemently.

The moment she was in her own room the lightness of manner fell from her, like an ill-fitting garment. Her face was suddenly drawn and haggard.

Gradually the Red Circle crept into sight on the back of her white hand. "Nothing can stop him." she repeated. "Nothing can save me-except myself!"

Taking her room telephone from the desk, she ordered her limousine brought from the garage.

Ten minutes later June Travis entered a men's outfitter's shop of the cheaper sort, on a downtown street To the very admiring clerk who strutted forth from the back of the store to welcome her, she said:

"My brother is to leave the hospital today. He is recovering from smallpox.-Don't be frightened. I haven't been near him.-He has just | tow. talephoned me that they destroyed all his clothes, to prevent infection. And he wants me to buy him a new out-.

Lamar, meantime, swept like a whirlwind into the private office of Chief of Police Allen.

"Got her!" he announced. "At least

"How ominous!" she laughed. "What dreamed it was you, until I saw that back here and deposit it with Humamiserable coat stuck in the garage son in the detective bureau." door. Why, you might have been arshowed you the torn note, an hour rested and all sorts of terrible things!"

"There, there!" soothed Mary, "It's all right! It's all right, honey! I'd do a million times more'n that for my little girl, any day in the whole year. Just you forget all about what I did. It's what I'm here for." companion's arm.

"Forget it?" cried June. "Never as long as I live! Oh, Mary, you were the coat!

The girl's eyes narrowed. The back

of her right hand began to throb. "I'm so tired!" she murmured, "and I'm so faint, with all this fright and danger. It's given me a sick headache. I'm going to bed. Tell mother, won't you? And say I don't want any dinner sent up to me. I want to go sleep and not be disturbed till tomorrow morning."

Chief Allen still sat in his private office, clearing up some odds and ends of the day's official routine, before going to his club for a belated dinner. Night had fallen, but a broad streak nue one tier below the boulevard on of moonlight lay athwart the window sill

His secretary came in from the outer office.

"Young fellow outside there, chief," he announced. "Wants to see you. He's a dummy. Not deaf; but he's dumb. Here's a note he scribbled for you. He's from Mr. Lamar."

The chief took the slip of paper his secretary tendered, and read the three written lines it contained:

I am dumb. Cannot talk. But can hear. I must see the chief of police. Mr. Lamar sent me.

"Oh, all right. All right." grunted the chief. "I suppose I'll get my dinner some time between now and Christmas, if I have luck. Bring him in."

The secretary vanished, reappearing in a moment with a young man in

The visitor was quietly dressed and evidently did not occur to him to re- run. move in the august presence of the chief. He also carried under one arm a crook-handled Malacca cane.

Unbidden, the caller seated himself gracefully in a chair beside the chief's desk and drew from his pocket I've got hold of one end of the chain, a little scratchpad and a pencil. With-

For seven or eight blocks, after she left police headquarters June Travis hurried on, from street to street, Policeman Meeks ever close at her side. The officer's eyes never for an instant left the coat that hung over his

The girl was in despair. She had planned so cleverly this kidnaping of

She was helpless, despairing. And with the blind instinct of the despairing, she unconsciously turned her steps homeward.

"Where does this cutter of yours live, anyhow, Dummy?" the policeman was asking.

June paused, uncertainly. This farce could not go on much longer. Meeks was beginning to grow suspicious. A quarter block ahead, the boulevard split into a "Y." At the left it continued at its present level. At the right ran a flight of forty marble steps, leading downward to a terraced ave-

And then, as ever of late in her moments of direst need, an inspiration | came to the girl.

the city's hillside

Once more she took up her former brisk stride; the grumbling Meeks close behind her. As they came to the fork of the boulevard, she halted again. "Well," growled Meeks, "which way,

now?"

She pointed down the long flight of marble steps, snowy in the vivid moonlight. The man hesitated. She glanced at him and saw the reason. His eyes were fixed in stupid wonder at the right hand with which she was pointing. On the surface of the hand gleamed the Red Circle; mercilessly distinct in the clear light.

June caught the policeman roughly by the arm with her other hand, point- to bed? My head aches frightfully. It ed again toward the terrace beneath

Fearful of losing sight of the precious coat, the policeman also broke into a lumbering run, protesting: "Hey! Go easy there! What's your

hurry? Want me to break my neck?" Even as he spoke, June planted her feet firmly on one broad step and came to an abrupt standstill. Meeks could not check his own speed as suddenly. So he lunged ahead a step or

As he lumbered past her, the girl deftly swung her stick; holding it by the ferule end. The crook handle caught Policeman Meeks neatly around the left ankle.

At the same instant, June braced herself, and jerked backward with the stick.

Policeman Meeks' body smote the stairway about six steps farther down; bounded in air; missed a step or two; then struck the stairway again and proceeded to roll rapidly down the remaining twenty-four steps. For a bare half-second, the patrol-

man lay half-stunned and breathless. Then he scrambled groaningly to his feet, sore all over. "Gone!" croaked Policeman Meeks,

still catching his breath with difficulty. "Gone!"

his tin trunk in the storeroom and to fare forth into the farthest reaches of sively against a tree in the midst of a clump of shrubs, and, his eyes on the moon, to play sentimental and hideous Japanese melodies to it.

Tonight, Yama was tootling away right dreamfully, when the sound of crackling bushes broke in upon his

He stepped out of the shrubbery clump to investigate. Then, the flute fell from his nerveless fingers and he stared goggle eyed.

Across a patch of lawn a figure was running; its feet soundless on the turf. The figure reached the house. paused, at the bottom of a vine trellis; then skillfully began to climb the trel-

It reached a second-story balcony; stepped over the railing and began to fumble with the long French windows of a room. The windows opened and the figure glided into the room; softly closing the windows behind it.

The spell was broken. With a yell of alarm, Yama grabbed up his fallen flute and dashed for the house. A second or so latter burst unceremoniously into the library where Mrs. Travis

and Mary were sitting. "'Scuse!" he sputtered. "'Scuse, please! But man climb up to honorable Miss June's room!" The women flew upstairs. Yama,

prudently arming himself with a large poker, followed. When he reached the second floor

Mrs. Travis was already hammering and-" frantically at the locked outer door of June's suite.

"What is it?" called a drowsy voice from inside. "Quick!" called Mary. "Let us in, dearie! There's a man-"

"In a minute," yawned June's voice from the bedroom; "I can't find the flercely.

The girl, never pausing for an instant, was hurling her manly attire mincompoop!" stormed the chief. "Got into a closet, garment by garment, as clean away, did he? Coat and all? she replied. She tore off her wig. And not a clue to find him by?" shook down her hair, flung a negligee lows and threw back the coverings of anything, I s'pose." her bed, and presently appeared. sleepily blinking, in the doorway.

Travis. "Come out quickly. There's a right hand. I took notice of it when burglar in your rooms."

"A burglar?" repeated June, sleepily cross. "How silly! There can't be." chief, his nerves a-tingle, "the Red "Who saw this wonderful burglar?" Circle-again!"

hind the portieres of the sitting room "Yama saw him," said Mrs. Travis. "Or he thought he did."

"Oh!" laughed June, "Yama, eh? I might have known it. This is the fourth burglar in six months that Yama has discovered, and that nobody but Yama was able to see. And he has waked us with no less than three fireless fire scares."

"But," insisted Yams, "I did saw him. He climbed the trellis to bed-

room window there an-"That bedroom window leading out on the balcony is locked from the inside," reported Mrs. Travis. "I tried the fastenings myself, just now. Yama, if you give us any more foolish scares like this-"

"And please," begged June, "if the burglar ghost is quite exploded, won't you all run away and let me get back



The Back of Her Hand Began to Throb.

was all right when you waked me up. wore on his head a golf cap, which it them, and started down the steps at a Now it's starting in again. Good night," she went on, kissing Mrs. Travis and then Mary, "I'm so sorry you two old dears were frightened. Yama seems to be giving us rather more than our share of the yellow peril lately."

But she carefully avoided Mary's questioning eyes as she spoke.

Chief Allen's delayed dinner was destined to still further postponement. As he sauntered into his club and headed for the dining room, the first person he chanced to see was Max Lamar.

"Look here, old man," the chief hailed him in mock rage, "if I starve to death it'll be your fault. What the deuce do you mean by sending that Noiseless Tailor to see me just when

mar, mystified, "a tailor's dummy?" "No, a dummy tailor. The one you sent to look at that Veiled Woman coat. The young fellow who says his name's Attman or something like that. He blew in on me just as I was

"Who blew in on you?" demanded done properly. Lamar. "I haven't sent anyone to see you today."

edges," accused the chief. "I'm speak-It was Yama's custom, on moonlit ing of that ladies' tailor who came nights, to take his Japanese flute from | from you, ten minutes ago, to get the coat-"I tell you," reiterated Lamar, "I

the Travis garden; there to lean pen- don't know what you're talkin about. I haven't even seen any lac es' tailor-"

sudden consternation. "Sold out! He's got the coat and-say! Come They bolted from the club, jumped

into a taxicab at the door and set out at top speed for police headquarters. In a dozen sentences, as they rode, Chief Allen outlined the story of June's visit. As he finished his frown

ing at all," he said. "I forgot; Meeks is with him. I told him to keep his eyes on the coat."

The taxi stopped in front of police headquarters. As the two men got out they saw a disheveled form limp

"Meeks!" yelled the chief. Policeman Meeks tried to salute, jauntily. But the effort was a ghastly

he dragged Meeks into his private office; Lamar followed close behind them, and shut the door. "The coat! Where is it? And where's the crook you were told to keep watch on? Speak up! Where is he?'

Meeks, almost in tears; "he done me up. Rolled down a flight of steps

"You ape!" snarled Chief Allen; "you blundering, cowardly bonehead! You let a man half your size do you up? You-"

"With the coat?" asked Lamar, 'Yessir! 'Twasn't my fault. I-"I'll have you broke for this, you

"Only one clue," coweringly assent-

"What was it?" "He-he had a big, red ring-a "My dear! My dear!" shrilled Mrs. birthmark like-on the back of his

"The Red Circle!" bellowed the

Jewell Hunt Bound and Gagged Is Laid on Railroad Track-Engine Picks Her Up.

To lie, bound and gagged on a railroad track, underneath the cowcatcher of a huge locomotive, while the engineer carelessly handles levers in the cab, is an experience that would send shudders down the spine of the most reckless and daring adventurer. Yet little Jewel Hunt of the Vitagraph company went through with the or deal with a sang froid as though risking her life was a trifling incident in a day's work. She appeared quite astonished after the scene was taken when her director told her that he himself could not be paid to turn the

The scene was taken in the wilds of Jersey where Director Harry Daven-port obtained the use of a locomotive and several Pullmans. The action taken was supposed to represent the flendish scheme of a pair of villains to do away with the heroine, for no especial purpose except pure deviltry. While the camera clicked merrily away, Miss Hunt struggled with the desperadoes. They overcame her, tied her hands and with ghoulish glee laid her across the track.

The locomotive chuffed into view and stopped before the camera's eye. Miss Hunt was carried to the cowcatcher and shoved underneath, with the wheels on the front truck almost touching her clothing. Hot oil dripped on her clothing, and hissing steam and snorts of the engine added to the terror of all the participants except Miss Hunt. She suffered some inconvenience from the heat of the boiler. Whether she realized her danger or not, she went through with the role with the nonchalance that any actress could, bound and laid across a railroad track

"Since I have talked with others about my experience the other day," said Miss Hunt yesterday, "it appears as though I did something quite reck less and unusual. My director told me he never expected I would agree to place myself at the mercy of an engineer who might slip and pull his throttle the wrong way. If he had, I would never have known anything about it, for I was right under the cowcatcher with the wheels touching

"The heat from the engine bothered and some greasy oil dropped on me noticed that everybody around watched me closely and rather anxiously, but I did not stop to think of those things. I fixed my thoughts on the fact that a successful movie actress must have her mind on her art, regardless of danger and risk."

The engineer pulled the lever the right way, however, or a story of tragedy might have been written here instead. The camera photographed the scene backwards, so that when the film is completed, it will look as though the engine dashed up from the distance and stopped just in time to avoid running over the heroine. It is an effective piece of work when it is

"Your mind's softening at the Photoplay Stars in New Productions

S. Rankin Drew is putting the finishing touches on the Louis Joseph Vance story, which he has been pro ducing for the last month. hilders, Anders Randolf and Eulalie Jensen will be seen in the principal characters. It will be released in five parts as a Vitagraph Blue Ribbon feature.

The William Addison Lathrop story being produced by the Vitagraph company under the direction of Van Dyke Brooke is well under way. Leah Baird, Templer Saxe and Harry Fisher are the players who portray the leading roles.

Mary Anderson, Webster Campbell, Otto Lederer, Jack Weatherby and Jack Mower appear in a one-part comedy written by Edwin Ray Coffin, released during the first week in March. Vitagraph Director William Wolbert supervised the production of the story.

In Mrs. John L. Russell's story, just completed by George D. Baker, Edith Storey, Evart Overton, Josephine Earle, Robert Gaillard, Logan Paul, Marion Henry and Nellie Anderson are given many opportunities, and the photoplay shows that the Vitgraph players did not lose any of them.

In two or three days' time, William S. Earle will have Marguerite Bertsch's latest story, a five-part dramatic subject, ready for release, For his cast, Mr. Earle selected such wellknown and popular Vitagraph players as Donald Hall, Dorothy Kelly, Bobby Connelly, Harry T. Morey, Louise Beaudet and Adele Kelly.

Director Eugene Mullin has almost finished his picturization of the Frederick Upham Adams story, which he will later produce with an all-star cast of Vitagraph players. The story lends itself admirably to film production and in Mr. Mullin's capable hands should prove a good Blue Ribbon feature.

Between leading marches at affairs held by admirers connected with the motion picture business, dinners, and making speeches at clubs formed in her honor, Anita Stewart is one of the busiest young ladies in the country. The Vitagraph "Goddess" will soon be ture written especially for her and produced by Director Ralph W. Ince.

RATHER A HANDICAP

"Do you think a nickname is an as set in politics?" That depends on what sort of nickname it is."

"No doubt." "For instance, a candidate of my acshe asked, as they finished poking be (END OF FOURTH INSTALLMENT.) | quaintance is known among his intimates as 'Imogene."

THE SAME NAME BY WILL M. RITCHEY. gloom, Mary groped her way.

She found the opposite wall, and

grounds. For one suicidal moment, she thought this back door was locked. But it was only stuck from long disuse. She threw her whole fragile weight against the dirt-crusted portal. A shower of dust and spiders' webs cascaded down upon her head. But the door quivered at the impact.

clatter of falling debris; and the rush of her onset drove her half way across the alley, outside.

side Lamar's own grip. "I'll do my best. I'm pretty strong."

with swift relief. "Yes," snapped the woman, "she got out of the coat and then out of the back door. Your detective friend is exploring the alley for her. I'm going to watch him pick up clues. It is

A new terror beset June: the coat

She heard Lamar returning, and

"Got clean away," he reported, sulk-

"Clever woman!" he muttered. Even the tailor's label is gone. Well, there's only one thing left to do. I'll take this coat to police headquarters and have Allen send a man around with it to every tailor in the city. One of them is bound to recognize it.

the sidewalk.

track. It was splendid of you." "It wasn't," she contradicted, "I was

and she's clamped fast to the other, out taking off his right-hand glove, he end. Here's her coat. The Velled wrote a line or two on the pad, tore off Woman's big black coat. I'll tell you later how I got it. Can't some of your born idiots chase around to all the tailor shops in a rush and find who it was made for? If they find that they'll find the Veiled Woman. And

then the Red Circle will stop being a

mystery; and maybe I can blow my-

self to a decent night's sleep." The chief looked at his watch. "Inside of half an hour," he said 'every first-class store and tailor shop in town will be shut for the night. And this coat came from a first-class place. Anyone can see that. We'll have to wait till tomorrow morning. Here," to his secretary. "Tell the detective department to get busy on that tomorrow. First thing. Handle it carefully. It's all gasoline and grease.

the story." June, coming out from the men's outfitting shop, carried a big and awk ward bundle that she had refused to allow the obsequious clerk to send home for her. Her next visit was to a theatrical wigmaker. A few minutes later she emerged, with a second and smaller package, got into the

Now, then, Max, my boy, let's hear

limousine and went home. June went straight to her bedroom and dropped the parcels on a chair. Thence she went into her sitting room

-to find Mary waiting for her.

girl rushed up to her and caught Mary close to ber breast. "You dear! she exclaimed, in tearful gratitude. "You dear! You splendid old dear! It was wonderful of you! Wonderful! Oh, there aren't

At sight of the loyal old woman the

the sheet and handed it to Chief Allen. The chief read: My name is Attman, ladies tallor.

"Get it." Allen commanded his secre tary. "It's that black coat I told you to take to the detective bureau." Presently the secretary returned

tion, he reached for his scratchpad, glancing doubtfully once more at the coat, then scribbled: I am almost sure this is one of ours; but I can't swear to it. Kindly let me take the coat and show it to

The chief read the scrawl, his bushy brows contracting.

"Hold on," said Allen, on second thought. "You can take it. But I must send an officer with you to make sure it gets back here all right when your cutter has had a look at it."

ter happened to be. Don't let that coat out of your sight. And as soon as he's any words to thank you! I never done showing it to his cutter, bring it

"Go Along With This Young Fellow. Don't Let That Coat Out of Your Sight!"

> Mr. Lamar wishes me to look at the coat he left with you this afternoon.

with the coat. The caller took the coat, handling it with the deft skill of a born garment-worker. At last, looking up from his inspec-

my head cutter. He will know at once, and our books will show who bought

"Lord, man!" he broke out, "I can't turn the thing over to you, like that. It is going to be needed as evidence." The caller got up, as though to de-

Answering a summons, a policeman entered-a tall, lank man, new to the "Meeks," instructed Allen as the officer saluted, "go along with this young fellow to his shop or wherever his cutI'm starting out to feed?" "What Noiseless Tailor?" asked La-

getting ready to-"

"Good Lord!" groaned the chief, in back to headquarters with me, on the run, Lamar."

cleared away. "We're getting all het up over noth-

up the steps just ahead of them.

"The coat!" thundered the chief as

"I don't know, chief," babbled

"He tripped me," sniffled Meeks, "When I got up he had beat it."

wrapper around her, rumpled the pil- ed Meeks, "and that don't amount to seen in a five-part Blue Ribbon Fea-

SERIAL---Story Complete

"GRAFT" AT LYCEUM THURSDAY